

# SATURDAY



# VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain.

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

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A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates appointed for \$3 00.

## POETICAL.



THERE MUST BE SOMETHING  
WRONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

When earth produces, free and fair,  
The golden waving corn;  
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,  
And fleecy flocks are shorn;  
When thousands move with aching head,  
And sing this ceaseless song—  
"We starve, we die—oh give us bread!"  
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought, as seasons roll,  
From off the fruitful soil;  
When luxury, from pole to pole,  
Reaps fruit of human toil;  
When from a thousand, one alone  
In plenty rolls along;  
The others only gnaw the bone—  
There must be something wrong.

And when production never ends,  
The earth is yielding ever;  
A copious harvest oft begins,  
But distribution—never!  
When toiling millions work to fill  
The wealthy coffers strong;  
When hands are crumpled that work and till,  
There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away  
To barrenness and drought,  
There must be something in the way  
That's worth the finding out:  
With surfeits on great table bends,  
While numbers move along;  
While scarce a crust their board extends,  
There must be something wrong.

Then let the law give equal right  
To wealthy and to poor;  
Let freedom crush the arm of might,  
We ask for nothing more;  
Until this system is begun,  
The burden of our song,  
Must, and can be, this only one—  
There must be something wrong.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—"What is wanting," said Napoleon, "that the youth of France may not be well educated?"  
"Moths!" said Madame Campan.  
This reply struck the emperor. "Here," said he, "is indeed a true system of education. Let it be our care to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children!"

## EXCHANGING PEARLS.

A little boy, about twelve years of age, while fishing on the banks of the Tennessee river, picked up a large pearl among the mussel shells. Returning home, he accidentally exhibited it while rummaging in his pockets, filled with fish-lines, shells, coppers, bait, &c. A gentleman who was standing by, observing the costly treasure, asked the little boy how much he should give him for it.

"Oh," said the boy, "a bit or two, just as you please."  
"No," replied the other, "you must not sell it for a trifle; it is worth a great sum. I will send it to Nashville, to be sold, and the proceeds of it shall be applied to your education."

## A DOSE, OR, WHAT DID SHE TAKE?

BY T. HOOD.

"Ellen, you have been out."  
"Well, I know I have."  
"To the King's head?"  
"No, John. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."  
"What do you mean?"  
"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, and with a strong emphasis on every word. "You will be—troubled—no—more—with—my—drinking. I have took it last."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!" and leaving one coat flap in the hand of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—sprang down three stairs at a time—ran along the passage—and, without hat or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quarter loaf, a basin of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to see if the children were hurt, or even to see if the children dripped with gore or molasses. Away he ran like a mad dog, straight-forward down the street, heedless of porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"Do that again," growled a placid man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.  
"Mind where you're going," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares, while a dandy, suddenly thrust in to a kennel, laughed after the runner one of those verbal missives, which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launched them.

But on, on scamped the teetotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he Canilla, to the shop numbered 240, with the red, blue and green bottles in the window—the chemist and druggist—into which he darted, up to the little laddman at the desk, with barely breath to gasp out:  
"My wife!—poison!—pump!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the surgeon apothecary, with the utmost professional caution.  
"Both—all sorts—laudanum—arsenic—oxalic acid—corrosive sublimate," and the teetotaller was about to add pine apple rum among the poisons, when the doctor stopped him.

"Do you know the symptoms?"  
"No!"  
But remembering the symptoms over night, the teetotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she had turned all sorts of colors, like a rainbow, and swelling almost as big as a house.

"There is not a moment to lose," said Esculapius, and accordingly clapped on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of elephantine syringe, with a very large trunk—he set off on a trot, guided by the teetotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated buccanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

Now, when the teetotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bed-room, which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of a stranger—nay, even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she found herself choking with the tube of something, which was certainly neither macerated nor stick-liquorice, nor yet peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representation of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dolphin-like colors that he had described—it she was not quite so blue, green, yellow or black, as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure she would soon be; and consequently went to work without delay, when delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation against her own consent; so with a vigorous kick and push at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"Pou—wob wobble," said Ellen. "Hub—bub—bub—bubble," attempting in vain to speak with another pipe in her mouth besides her windpipe.  
"Have the goodness, ma'am to be composed," implored the doctor.  
"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"  
"Oh, Ellen, Ellen, you know what you have taken."  
"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.  
"Arsenic and corrosive sublimate," said the teetotaller.  
"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.  
"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.  
"Vitriol, Prussic acid and aqua-fortis," continued the druggist.  
"I've taken no such things," said the refractory patient.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what you said."  
"Well, what?"  
"That your drinking should never trouble me any more."  
"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter. "No more shall it, for I've took it!"  
"What, ma'am, pray what?"  
"In the name of Heaven, what?"  
"Why, then I've took the—PLEDGE!"

The Used Up Politician.—The following sketch of a "Used Up Politician" is not altogether inappropriate, at this time, as we fancy there are a good many who can, with a good deal of truth, adopt the language of Peter. It is from the pen of the late Joseph C. Neal:

Peter Brush was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out at pockets, and out of spirits, and out in the street—and "out and outer" in every respect. Says he:

"They used to tell me—put not your trust in princes—and I haven't. None of 'em ever wanted to borrow nothing of me, and I never see any of them to borrow nothing of them. Princes! pooh! put not your trust in politicians! Them's my sentiments. There's no two mediums about that. Haven't I been serving my country this five years, like a patriot; going to meetings and huzzing my daylight out, and getting as blue as blazes. Why, for 'nix. If any good has come out of it, the country has put the whole of it in her pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I can get no office. Republics is ungrateful—I didn't want no reward for my services. I only want to be took good care of, and have nothing to do. Being took care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful. I've swagged if they ain't! I love my country, and I wanted an office—I didn't care what, so it was fat and easy. I wanted to take care of my country, and I want my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm for—taking, that's my line. I can talk all day, only stopping for meals and to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike—I've been on all sides—tried 'em and I know—none of 'em gave me anything, and I've a great mind to knock off."

Amusing Blunders.—Persons who are not familiar with the practical operations of a printing establishment are frequently surprised, and perhaps indignant, at little mistakes that occur in the "making up," as it is termed, of the "form." Sometimes the proof-reader fails to mark an error, it may be only a single letter, and the finished result is belied next day—puzzling, perhaps, twenty thousand readers. We have seen some amusing specimens of these blunders in our day—an announcement of medicine, for instance, "whose effects were exclusively infernal;" or of the "overturning of a lawyer's pig;" or of a lover who presented his mistress with a large bunch of beautifully tinted noses. But the best joke of the kind, perhaps, is that of a dancing master's card of respect, where, as in former cases, only one letter was changed, making him offer "his most respectful thanks to all who had honored him with their patronage."

A Devoted Quakeress.—Susan Howland embarked from Boston in the steamer Europa, on the 8th inst. Her object is to awaken an interest in France for a wider diffusion of the sacred scriptures, as afforded by their conservative influence, the only basis of permanent freedom, and the only means of promoting an elevated state of public morals. She will also visit other countries on the Continent, as Providence shall open the door. She is accompanied by her husband, Joseph Howland, one of the most wealthy and respectable merchants of New Bedford, retired from business.

## REMEMBER YOU MUST DIE.

When joy's bright sun is shining  
Along the flowery way,  
And pleasure's wreath is twining  
That blooms but to decay—  
When life's delicious morning  
Beams o'er the unclouded sky,  
Sad comes the mournful warning,  
"Remember you must die."

When clouds are lowering o'er us  
And sorrow rends the breast,  
And all is gloom before us,  
No home whereon to rest—  
Welcome as dews of even  
Beneath a torrid sky,  
Whispers a voice from heaven,  
"Remember you must die."

## THE FATAL PLEDGE.

"Join us in our pledge, Colonel—surely you will not refuse us," said a beautiful bride, emerging from a bevy of bridesmaids, and extending a glass of brimming champagne as she spoke.  
The gentleman whom she addressed, had studiously refrained during the evening, from drinking of the costly wines prepared for the guests. But finding himself thus the object of general attention, for when the bride spoke, every eye was upon him—he colored, stammered a few indistinct words, took the glass, and bowed gracefully, drank long and happily to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy creature, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into her circle of bridesmaids. "I knew Col. Warren would not refuse me. What a pity he has got such puritanical notions in his head. He used to be the very foremost with a happy allusion or eloquent sentiment when the wine circulated."

No one was there to contradict this joyous but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Col. Warren's indulgence in wine had nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which time he had formed a resolution not to drink, in consequence of a conviction of his own weakness. On his return, his old associates in vain persuaded him to alter his determination. On various festive occasions they had endeavored to induce him to join them in pledging each other; but his answer had always been the same. This was the first time since his return that wine had been introduced in the presence of ladies. It was resolved to try whether the influence of the sex would break a resolution which more than one felt to be a reproach on himself. How the scheme succeeded, we have seen.

No pen can adequately describe the emotion of Col. Warren during the instant he hesitated, before taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had never been known to refuse a request of this kind. The bride was the daughter of his early friend, a cherished treasure, whom he had many a time dandled on his knee, and whom he had never done anything to slight or pain. He stood, as we have seen, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result, and a dislike to oblige his favorite on this wedding night. But at length he had fatally yielded.

Little did the young bride think of the dreadful issue of her tempting words and smile. Little did she dream that the bantering love for wine, which had once reduced her victim to the verge of confirmed inebriety, awoke again at the taste of that glass, and raged with more violence than ever. Young, happy and thoughtless, she looked only at the present triumph, without considering the result. How then was she surprised to hear, a few months after her marriage, that Col. Warren was becoming an inebriate—that he rarely retired to bed unless in a state of intoxication—and that in consequence, his fine person was becoming disfigured, his large fortune wasting away. She shuddered, but still did not think of her own agency in the matter, and when she next met him, with the privilege of youth and beauty, she ventured to plead with him on the subject.

"Madam," said he, in reply, and the melancholy and somewhat stern tone in which he spoke, never left her memory; "it is too late! I was once as I am now; I rallied and took a resolution never to drink again. I broke that resolution, you know how, and when, and now I am a hopeless inebriate."  
He turned and left her presence. Her eyes were opened. Oh! how bitterly did she reproach herself for having spoken those fatal words. For nights she could not sleep. She sought again and again to see her victim, but he avoided her presence. They never met again but once. Reader, would you know how?

Some years after, on a cold, bleak morning in January, a travelling sleigh drawn by two splendid horses, was dashing along the turnpike between Norristown and Philadelphia. There had been a snow storm during the night, and the flakes lay piled against the fences and banks where they had been driven by the icy wind which swept down from the hills beyond the Schuylkill. The sky was still overcast; the wind yet raged violently, and it was intensely cold. Few scenes could be more desolate: Houses, barns, trees and haystacks were covered with snow, and the cattle, cowering in the sheds, seemed everywhere to beseech the sky in vain. As the sleigh, with its merry bells, whirled down the long hill that leads to the Manunk turnpike, the horses suddenly shied, nearly precipitating the vehicle into an opposite snow bank. A lady slightly screamed, and looked out in alarm from the furs that enveloped her; but seeing no cause for danger, she was about to order the driver to proceed, when a little boy, pointing to the object which had startled the horses, said—  
"Mother, what can that be in the road? Surely it is a man's hat!"  
"Gracious Heavens!" she exclaimed, "can it be that some poor wretch has frozen to death here, James?" and she turned to the footman, "go see."

With intense interest the lady watched while the lady brushed away the snow. In a few moments it was apparent that a corpse was indeed there, and it was not long before the cause of the man's death was evident in an empty jug beside him. The spectators breathlessly awaited while the icy flakes were being removed from the face, for the lady was within a short distance of her home, and thought that perhaps she might recognise the being. She stepped out of the sleigh, and approached the corpse.

"Col. Warren!" she said, becoming hastily pale and staggering: "Col. Warren dying a common drunkard! Oh! just Heaven, this is too much!"  
And thus the victim and his destroyer met for the last time. It was the once thoughtless bride who now stood above the corpse.

## SABBATH ANECDOTE.

There is a certain class of people that find a vast amount of "works of necessity" upon the Sabbath; and it is common for such in hay season to have more or less to do with their hay upon that day. A colored man who lived with a farmer of this character, saw, or thought he saw, a determination on the part of his employer to follow up his labor upon this day of sacred rest. Sabbath morning, however, he was not up as usual at breakfast. The farmer's son called him, but he said they need not wait for him, as he did not wish for any breakfast. "Why, Caesar," said he, "we shall want you as soon as the dew is off, to help about the hay." "No," said he, "I can't work any more on the Sabbath; it is not right." "Not right!" said the young man, "is it not our duty to take care of what Providence has given us?" "O there is no necessity for it, said he, and 'tis wrong to do it." "But would you not pull your cow, or sleep out of a pit upon the Sabbath, Caesar?" "No, not if I had been trying all the week to shove them in; I would let them lie there."

BARON HUMSBOLDT'S OPINION OF THE UNITED STATES.—A contributor to the Boston Courier states that during a recent tour in Europe, a party of distinguished Americans visited that illustrious traveler, the immortal Humboldt. After a courteous and cordial reception, he expressed the following sentiments:

"The United States of North America is my adopted country—its giant strides and rapid progress in science and literature, surpasses any thing ever known in the growth and prosperity of civilized nations. William H. Prescott, of Boston, is not only the greatest historian of America, but is the most eminent of the known world. And it is with the most profound interest that I read his wonderful productions, which are volumes of precious collections, on whose leaves are indelibly stamped that rich taste of arranging facts which belongs exclusively to a superior mind."

Chinese Emigrants to California.—The California Star heralds the information that a large emigration from China may soon be expected there. Some of the "Celestials" had already made their appearance.

A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his throat.

A hand saw is a good thing, but not to shave with.

"Nothing can be well done," says Doctor Kitchener, "that is done in a hurry." "Except catching fleas," adds the London Punch.

## FROM THE BRAZOS.

The schooner John Roalef, Capt. Clapp, the U. S. steamer Telegraph, Capt. Folger, and the U. S. steamer Fashion, Capt. Morgan, arrived at New Orleans on the 27th inst., from the Brazos. Col. Davenport, late Governor of Matamoros, is a passenger on board the steamer Gen. Butler, which is hourly expected to arrive at that port. The Flag of the 15th says:—  
[Era.]

Col. D. has been among us nearly two years. His duties have been many and arduous, and faithfully he has performed them. He leaves behind him many warm friends, who will be a long time in forgetting his gentlemanly deportment. But few officers of the army, if any, have better advanced the interests of the country than the Colonel.

The Fashion, which left on the 18th, brought over one hundred and forty-seven men belonging to the U. S. Artillery, under command of Major O'Brien, eighty men belonging to the 1st and 2d Dragoons, under command of Lieut. Weld, 2d Artillery.

The Telegraph encountered severe gales on the passage, as she left Brazos on the 13th.

We have the returns of an election in the new county of Cameron, Texas. Biglow has been elected Chief Justice.

Several outrages have been committed on the Mexicans, it is said, by a party of Texans, headed by men of some standing in society, and from whom better conduct was expected. Several towns are said to have been made to pay arbitrary and wholly unjustifiable contributions, and life has been mercilessly taken in enforcing such contributions.

The order countermarching the march of Col. Washington's expedition for Santa Fe and California arrived too late, the command having departed. The order of countermarch substituted Sherman's for Bragg's battery to go over to California was also too late.

Changes in the Mississippi.—In 1816, there was no Bloody Island near St. Louis. What is now an island, was connected with what is now the main Illinois shore, by terra firma. On the land which then occupied the channel, or rather slough between the island and Illinois shore, Gen. Wm. Rector had a large farm in cultivation, which extended over nearly the whole of the island, sheer to its western bank—and in that year a fine crop of corn was growing where water is now running. At that time there was no sign of a channel there, nor did any water escape to the east of what now forms the west shore of the island. For many years prior to 1816, other farms had been in cultivation where now is a broad sheet of water. There was a considerable population on it; and a large graveyard there, attested the mortality on it. Gen. Clark's soldiers were buried there. An old resident of this city, Mr. Osborn, lived there and buried eleven children in that yard. A person now living in this city, recollects to have seen the coffin of the dead washed out by the river, as it was gradually forming the new channel.

This channel began to form in 1818; but it was some five years before it had obtained any considerable width or depth. Before that year, the whole volume of the Mississippi, in its passage by St. Louis, was confined to a space but a little wider than the present channel between our shore and the island.—Organ.

The Matamoros Flag says there is a female Mexican dwarf about 15 miles from that city, much smaller than Tom Thumb; she is fifteen years of age, twenty-five inches high, symmetrically proportioned and weighs only 18 pounds. She has always enjoyed good health, is lively, intelligent, and in all respects a well-developed woman except in size. She is the nineteenth child of the parents, and there are three younger than herself; all the family, with one exception, being ordinarily sized. Now, this pigmy female, possessed as she is of all the endowments of a woman, should be annexed to Gen. Tom Thumb. The two exhibited together would procure for the ranchero father and his fruitful spouse a more bally fortune than ever grained in the purse of a Girard or Astor.

"Boy, what is your name?"  
"Robert, sir."  
"Well, what is your other name?"  
"Bob."

In Cabarrus county, N. C., on the 19th of August, Mr. Peter Shank was married to Miss Katy Shum.

It is very foolish for young ladies to hate each other, on account of a gentleman who don't care a fig for either of them.

But is now deemed to be a slice cut from another man's loaf.